

*THE*

# *HISTORIAN*

*OF HANCOCK COUNTY*

[www.hancockcountyhistoricalsociety.com](http://www.hancockcountyhistoricalsociety.com)

Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi

February 2021

## NEWS FROM LOBRANO HOUSE

The 2021 Hancock County Historical Society Board of Directors is pleased to announce the election of Chris Roth as President of the Society. Our Society wishes to express its gratitude to George J. Saucier for his service as past president. George has resigned for personal reasons. In addition the Board welcomes the return of Jim Codling as historian. This year Beverly Frater will assume the post of treasurer. Bryan Frater is membership and fund raising chairman.

The Board would like to attract any volunteer from the membership who has experience in writing grants. Like many non-profit corporations, we depend on public grants as well as corporate and private donations to maintain the growth and vitality of the Hancock County Historical Society.



Velma Zengarling Heitzmann was a raving beauty with red hair and the affectionate nick name "Red." given to her by her mother who told her that red hair indicated that she was a "special child." Velma's life story proved this caveat to be true.

## MEMBERSHIP FEES

It's time for current members to renew their memberships in the Historical Society and to encourage family and friends to join us, too. If your membership is due, your address label will read "Time to renew your membership." Please mail your renewal check to Hancock County Historical Society, P. O. Box 3356, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521. Or you may pay by credit card or PayPal online at our website. Levels of membership and prices are listed on the enclosed insert.

## The Historic Zengerling and Ladner Families of Bayou LaCroix

By  
James Keating, M.D.

Ed. By  
Virginia Olander

The early inhabitants of the rural neighborhoods of Hancock County in the 19th century were mostly farmers who migrated or emigrated from other places looking for inexpensive, fertile

land and economic opportunities. Often, the successful farmers were members of close-knit families like the Zengerling and Ladner clans, who worked together to raise cattle, grow crops, and sell timber, or start enterprises for profit. An important part of the history of Bayou LaCroix includes individual biographies of some of the members of the four generations of these families. About 1835, the Zengerling clan came to Bayou LaCroix. They were some of the first settlers to come to this neighborhood. Their descendants such as Velma "Red" Zengarling Heitzmann stayed on the land gener-

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HOURS**

MONDAY — FRIDAY  
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**MISSION STATEMENT**

“TO PRESERVE THE GENERAL AND ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF HANCOCK COUNTY AND TO PRESERVE THE KATE LOBRANO HOUSE AND COLLECTIONS THEREIN; TO RESEARCH AND INTERPRET LIFE IN HANCOCK COUNTY; AND TO ENCOURAGE AN APPRECIATION OF AND INTEREST IN HISTORICAL PRESERVATION.”

ation after generation. The Ladners are a well-known old family in the history of Hancock County. This segment of the Ladner clan moved to Bayou LaCroix from Harrison County after 1890.

Johannes “John” Zengerling (1815-1896) was an important first generation figure in the Zengerling family history who emigrated from Gehrden, Germany to Bayou LaCroix around 1838. He was attracted to Hancock County because two of his sisters, Victoria and Elisabeth, already lived in Bayou LaCroix, and another, Mary, had settled in the neighborhood that is now Waveland. John was the son of an innkeeper in Germany who also worked a farm. The family was Catholic, and John had a basic education and could read and write. He and his brother-in-law, Matthew Verderber (1806-1884), were two of the key “movers and shakers” of the pioneer village of Bayou LaCroix in the middle of the 19th century. These families lived next to each other on Bayou LaCroix and operated efficiently as a team. Matthew was a natural born entrepreneur who accumulated a small, but significant, estate during his lifetime. He raised cattle, invested in land, and owned a commercial schooner. Matthew and his wife,

Victoria (1798-1883), had no children and were older than John.

John married a much younger woman, Barbara Hausch (1837-1911), when she was seventeen years old. She was also a German emigrant from Jebenhausen, Germany. In fact, when they first met, John claimed to be younger than forty even though he was twenty-two years older than she. In spite of their age differences, Barbara married him in 1855. They enjoyed a happy marriage for forty-one years before John passed away. They reared ten children and have many descendants living all across America today. Although their father spelled the name *Zengerling* correctly, his children began using variations such as *Zengarling*, *Zingarling*, and *Zingerling*,” and some of their descendants still use these spellings.

Ironically, John left Germany to avoid being drafted by the Kaiser to fight in European wars, yet was drafted by the South at the end of the Civil War. He was wounded in battle, sustaining a gunshot wound to the leg. John was treated in a hospital in Monticello, MS. At the end of the war, he walked home. His children were surprised to see their father one day



The settlement of Bayou LaCroix was located on Bayou LaCroix, a tributary of the Jourdan River. As the January 2021 article points out, the settlement was also known as Dillville as it is in this map because of the Dill and Vizard turpentine kiln located there.



The Joe  
Zengarling  
Family

“walking down the lane” wearing a long white beard and a white head. The family had not heard from him for several months and feared he had been killed or captured by the Yankees.

John inherited Matthew and Virginia’s estate, increasing his holdings of land, cattle, crops, and timber. He and Barbara are buried together in Bayou LaCroix cemetery.

Joseph Albert “Joe” Zengarling (1866-1950), a son of John and Barbara, was one of the second generation Zengarling family to live in Bayou LaCroix all his life. Like so many inhabitants of this era, he was a tree farmer who raised cattle, along with other farm products. The Zengarlings were self-sufficient and were not hurt by the Great Depression at all. Joe was a very religious man.

Joe married Mary Keziah McArthur (1877-1923) who was born in Gainesville. Their marriage reads like a romance story. Their daughter, Velma, tells the tale that her mother was actually reared in the Hickory Creek Community (Catahoula). At age sixteen, she traveled to Bayou LaCroix to visit her Seal cousins. The Seal girls suggested they take a ride over to the Zengerling house to visit Joe, a young man who, supposedly, was quite “good looking” at 5’8”, 135

lbs., with brown hair. During this era, there was usually a paucity of available romantic prospects for young people in small communities because the people there were often related. With Mary and Joe, it was love at first sight even though Joe was actually engaged to Edwina Holden. Consequently a few weeks later, Joe broke off his engagement and wrote Mary a love letter. Indeed, they were married a short time later in 1894. Joe and Mary had ten children, but sadly Mary died in 1928 of stomach cancer at fifty-one. Joe did not remarry and outlived Mary by twenty-two years. They are buried together in Bayou LaCroix cemetery.

Velma Agnes “Red” Zengarling (1912-1995) was the eighth child of the Joe/Mary union. She had red hair and the affectionate nickname of “Red.” Her mother, Mary, told her that red hair indicated that she was a “special child.” She was 5’3” tall, 115 lbs. with blue eyes. She attended the Dillville School in the Bayou LaCroix community for eight years and then attended St. Joseph Academy in Bay St. Louis for ninth grade. Tragically, her mother died in 1928, and her father asked her to drop out of school and come home to take care of the family. At age sixteen she became the “mother” to her other eight siblings still at

home and took care of her father. She did most of the cooking, washing, cleaning, and housework. Velma was quite intelligent and possessed natural talents as a writer. She wrote *My Autobiography* in 1975. She also wrote a short story entitled “Mother” about the joys and disappointments of motherhood. Throughout her life she kept a notebook/diary of her life and thoughts, which is still treasured by her family.

Velma married Carl Jacob George Heitzmann (1908-1963). They bore three boys. Sadly, Carl died relatively young in 1963 of lung cancer. Velma did not remarry, and she died in 1995. Velma and Carl are buried in the St. Mary Cemetery adjacent to St. Rose De Lima Church in Bay St. Louis.

Velma’s eldest son, Jerry Heitzmann (b. 1946), inherited her literary talents. Jerry is a dedicated genealogist who has written over twenty Hancock County family histories. He is the source of most of the information, images, and artifacts regarding the Zengarling family included in this article. Jerry graduated from St. Stanislaus, attended Pearl River Junior College, and graduated from the University of Southern Mississippi in 1973, studying criminal justice. In 1970 he married a nursing student from Waveland, Deborah Weidman. Later, Jerry served as a corrections su-



Jerry David and Deborah Weidman  
Heitzmann





Alcide Theophilus Ladner and Alfray Johnson Ladner

supervisor at the Mississippi State Department of Corrections. In 1982 he served as Clerk of the Hancock County Circuit Court. After leaving the political life, Jerry was a loan officer at the Hancock Bank. He was promoted to Vice-President and became Branch Manager of the Hancock Bank in Bay St. Louis. Jerry represents the fourth generation of the Zengerling family, resides in Diamondhead, and is retired. In addition he is one of the founding members of the Hancock County Historical Society.

Like their Zengerling neighbors, Alcide Theophilus Ladner (1873-1958) and Margaret Alphas "Alfray" Johnson Ladner (1876-1945) were also Catholic. Having married in 1896, the couple moved to the Bayou LaCroix area sometime in the 1890's. They had eight children and owned a fifty acre farm.

The second generation of Ladners included August Ladner (1907-1980) and Myrtle Elector Ladner (1915-1995). This Catholic family reared seven children. Their farm of approximately fifty acres was located next to their parents' farm just across Bayou LaCroix from the center of town. August worked for the local sawmill earning supplemental income. Myrtle worked for the local school system.

Flora Page (1911-1928) was actually the first wife of August Ladner. She died in 1928 in a boating accident. The tragedy occurred on a ferry crossing the Rigolets Pass

which is a channel between Lake Ponchatrain and Lake Borgne.. Flora, her sister, and August were in a car on the ferry when the vessel hit a shallow shoal, and the impact caused their car to fall into the water. August was able to rescue Flora's sister, but Flora drowned. Flora is buried in the Bayou LaCroix Cemetery near the tomb of August and Myrtle Ladner.

A third generation of Ladners included James Arland "Jim" Ladner (1936-2020) and Barbara E. Bennett (1939-1985). They built a house in Bayou LaCroix in 1962, but had to move to Ansley in 1964 because of the NASA Buffer Zone. Jim was originally in the plumbing business with his brother-in-law, Bill Bourgeoise. Jim later owned and operated Ladner's Friendly Inn which was a very successful combination bar, gas station, and store on Lower Bay Road. Jim developed a popular baseball field across the road from his tavern and fostered baseball tournaments every summer between leagues or teams in the region. Jim also supplemented his income working at the Halter Marine Company in Port Bienville and working for the Park Commission.

Jim's sister, Myrna Ladner Bourgeoise (b. 1930), married William Bourgeois, Jr. (b. 1934). William's family was local also and his great-grandmother was a member of the local Choctaw Indian tribe from the Favre family. Myrna and Bill own land in Bayou LaCroix where three generations of Ladners have worked their farms. On their land they harvested the timber for pulpwood. Previously they raised cows and grew corn and watermelons. Myrna served as Superintendent of Education in Hancock at one time. She was responsible for allocation of some of the original NASA compensation money paid to Hancock County being directed to education. Presently, she helps to maintain the Bayou LaCroix Cemetery. Citizens are still buried there, but by permission only if they have direct ancestors from the original town. Burial



William and Myrna Ladner Bourgeoise, Jr.

is free if approved. Myrna provided some of the stories for this article.

James "Jimmie" Ladner, Jr., represents the fourth generation of the Ladner clan described in this narrative. He was born in 1962 in Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, where his father, Jim, was stationed during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Jim was in the Army National Guard at that time. Jimmie, Jr., only lived in Bayou LaCroix for two years as an infant before his family was forced to move from the NASA Buffer Zone. He grew up in Ansley. Jimmie graduated from Hancock North Central High School in the Kiln. He attended Pearl River Junior College in Poplarville, Mississippi, studying industrial technology. After college Jimmie found work as a draftsman at Lockheed Martin, also known as Martin Marietta, at Michoud in the greater New Orleans area. Later, he worked in the industrial park at Port Bienville at Suland Services and Calgon Carbon. In 1999 Jimmie was elected Hancock County Assessor and Tax Collector. He married Cheryl Calhoun (b. 1963) from Waveland, who is an insurance agent. They have two daughters, Heather and Hillary.

Jimmie believes that one of his most significant achievements in



Jimmie and Cheryl Calhoun Ladner, Jr.

his twenty years of service has been his contribution, with the other Hancock County officials, in promoting the remarkable economic recovery of Hancock County following Hurricane Katrina. The second major achievement of his office has been installing the modern GIS (Global Information System) to the Assessor's office and training/educating his staff in its usage. The mapping of county properties is no longer done by hand but computerized with satellite GPS type images. Hancock was the first Mississippi County to generate maps with land values. This promotes transparency for its citizens with fair assessments without political favoritism. Ad valorem taxes are supposed to be based on equity.

In conclusion, Bayou La-Croix was a prosperous small village that grew over a span of 130 years before the NASA Buffer Zone required its termination. Multigenerational, close-knit families such as the Zengerlings and Ladners worked together to build a small, but robust, economy on a navigable waterway—Bayou LaCroix. As described in the preceding article (January 2021 *Historian*), the first generation of Zengerlings, John and Matthew, encouraged an attitude of inclusion, thereby making the local Choctaw Indians feel welcome as neighbors. All of the inhabitants of this town worshiped together in the local Catholic Church, and all of the children attended the local Dillville School. Even though it no longer exists, the history of this town

serves as a model to demonstrate how there can be peaceful, successful assimilation of diverse cultures and immigrants from different, far away lands such as Germany.

Today, all that is left of this village is its lovely, old, well-managed cemetery on the old Bayou LaCroix Road. The names on the various tombstones record the many characters who lived in this special place who are still remembered by their descendants as depicted in these stories embedded in the precious history of Hancock County.

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## Days of Innocence and Childhood Experiences in Bay Saint Louis, MS

By  
Chris Roth

Imagine being a child facing summer after summer of endless possibilities. Well, I was that kid during my childhood; let me take you back to one of those summers.

It is the Friday before Me-

morial Day in 1957, the last day of school and the start of summer vacation for most kids in New Orleans. For the family of Richard and Alice Roth (formerly Alice G. Camors), it was also time for the annual migration to their home located at 818 North Beach Boulevard in Bay Saint Louis for the summer.

I was the fifth child with three older sisters, an older brother, and two younger brothers. For a young boy, this was a summer filled with fun and adventures until the school bell rang again the day after Labor Day.

On this glorious departure day, we loaded up Daddy's sedan and Mom's station wagon, which had real wooden trim on the exterior prone to mushroom and lichen growth. The vehicle was filled with bikes, clothes, our dog Honey, and as many kids as would fit. The trip was always eventful in the pre-interstate days on a two-lane highway with numerous aged draw bridges. With the boys being young, often at least one of us had to pee so Mom, always prepared, had a glass in the glove compartment for such emergencies.

Honey, our Great Pyrenees, was a source of constant irritation because of her persistent drooling on whoever sat in front of her. At the time there was no air conditioning so Honey's drooling and the rest of us perspiring were the order of the day.

The trip was two hours from our home uptown if it was absent of wrecks and drawbridge failures. There was always an oasis stop for Daddy at the White Kitchen at the junction of Hwy 90 and Hwy 190 just before the Mississippi state line. While Daddy went inside for a couple of quick Johnny Walkers, the rest of us waited patiently in the cars. On one occasion my younger brother was allowed to go in for a bathroom break which turned out to be disastrous. Upon exiting the bathroom, he slipped in someone's vomit, and upon exiting the White

Kitchen my mother stripped him of his clothes, and he had to ride naked to Bay Saint Louis. His suppression of this memory was aided by the eventual closing of the White Kitchen some years later.

The setting for many of my adventures originated from two principal residences: my parents' home at 818 North Beach Boulevard at the corner of North Beach and Boardman, and Elmwood Plantation (circa 1828) on the opposite corner owned by my uncle and his wife, Robert L. and Lorraine B. Camors.

Our summer home at 818 North Beach had been bought by my grandmother, Yvonne L. Camors, on March 23, 1923, for \$6,500. The original house was razed by my uncle, Robert L. (Bobby) Camors, in the late 1930s after the death of my grandparents, and a smaller home built to accommodate his bachelor life style. He subsequently married, and as his family grew, so did the need for a larger home. In 1946 he bought Elmwood Plantation and in turn sold 818 North Beach to my parents.

Our home at 818 was modified over the years to accommodate our growing family, and on a busy weekend it could accommodate fourteen. With three acres of property on the waterfront, there was



*Photo from the Paul Jermyn Collection*

ample room for outdoor recreation, a chicken coup, and a fenced yard for a dog and a goat named Buckey, of course.

Out front we had a pier with a cypress skiff, a 10hp Johnson motor, a canoe, and a Sailfish (a flat deck or board boat) which was the progenitor of the now popular Sunfish.

Next door at the Camors' was an even larger array of resources for kids of all ages. Uncle Bobby kept two horses, some chickens, a pen for doves that he raised, a pet raccoon named Larry, bird dogs, and a pony. He was affectionately called Tony the Pony as he was affectionately called although he did not warrant this affection given his disposition. The five-acre property also had huge oak trees and from one he hung a rope that allowed for any manner of high-flying circus activities.

There was no shortage of neighborhood kids a year or two older and younger than me. In addition to my siblings, there were my next-door cousins and the Blanchard family that lived a block over on Leonard. At anytime there would be eight to ten kids playing some sort of ball in our front yard or a game called "Fate" that was usually played at twilight.

Given the many resources available to me, everyday was an outdoor adventure with very little or no adult supervision. There were no helicopter moms, dads were off at work, television was in its early days, and there was limited AM radio reception. Our parental oversight occurred three times a day at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We were summoned home for lunch by the 12 o'clock whistle, a carryover from the war when it was the city's air raid siren. Within ear shot, a farm bell that hung in the front yard also rang to let us know it was lunch time.

On any given day I would awake to the sound of the road grader leveling Boardman Avenue, which was a dirt road at that time. Fishing rod in hand, I would wade out to the

skiff that was tethered to a post off the pier and row to one of my favorite fishing spots, each one designated as such because each was within rowing distance. If it was a good day, I might have a creel of croakers, a drum or two, and perhaps a red fish or a flounder.

Having a skiff was fun but came with responsibilities. In addition to scraping off barnacles and painting to ready for launching, after a particularly heavy squall it had to be bailed out. With bucket in hand, I would wade out to the skiff and bail until it was dry.

With the skiff ready for fun, we loaded our 10hp Johnson and 6-gallon fuel tank in our wagon. With wagon in tow, a pair of oars, and our surfboard, we made our way down the two hundred foot pier to the skiff. The surfboard was a flat piece of rectangular plywood about five feet long with rounded nose and squared back. It was towed behind the skiff by a tow line and bridle. By lying toward the back, it surfed the wake. If you slid forward, it "submerged" for as long as you could hold your breath.

While unsafe at the time and against regulations now, the idea of wearing a life jacket or even having any aboard the skiff never occurred to us.

As summers progressed, my mother bought us a pair of water skis and apparently thought that it would be a good idea to buy what was referred to as a ski belt. This was a foam filled belt worn around the waist to afford at least an appearance of a personal flotation device. The skis were oversized by later standards but necessary because you needed as much flotation as possible to get up on the skis with only a 10hp motor.

In addition to giving us access to our modest flotilla and swimming, the pier was also our fishing and crabbing platform. Mother always had a supply of frozen shrimp available, and Daddy kept a few slaughter (cane) poles rigged on the pier. It would be a





Sailing on the Bay of St. Louis

*Photo from the Paul Jermyn Collection*

rare occasion for us to slaughter the fish, but often we had enough croakers for a meal.

Crabs were hit or miss, but crabbing was an adventure in itself. Crab nets were made of cotton twine, so each season you had to mend the broken ones, which was the same procedure with the cast net. Once we had the nets prepared, bait had to be secured. This entailed riding our bikes down to Larroux's Cash Grocery about a mile away on Dunbar Ave. and asking Mr. Larroux for some crab bait, which consisted of trimmings from his butchered meat.

With bait in hand and having biked home, we gathered Spanish moss, a wicker basket, and crab nets and headed out on the pier. Traps were hung from the pier and carefully spaced based on the number of serviceable nets. There were no algorithms at the time so spacing was actually pretty random. Once the nets were hung, either we went fishing or swimming or on to some other adventure. The nets were checked periodically, and our catch was put into the wicker basket. The Spanish moss was suspended in an empty net to wet it down and then placed over the crabs in the basket to keep them cool.

We crabbed on either Wednesday or Friday as those were the two nights that Daddy was home. He would commute on the train on Monday morning to go to town, as we referred to New Orleans, return Wednesday evenings, leave again on Thursday morning, and return on Friday for the weekend. With a good catch we would eat boiled crabs on our screened porch on one of those nights.

The pier provided never ending adventures including an attempt to use a garden hose as an underwater breathing device. While this effort proved futile, it did teach me a lesson about water pressure. Another attempt was to sneak up on a sea gull afloat on the water or roosting on an old piling by concealing myself underwater using a traditional snorkel. This too was a lesson learned about a gull's predatory awareness; however, it led to another awareness.

Daddy had observed my sea gull capturing attempt and told me there was no way I could catch one without harming it. Being ever optimistic, I told him I thought that I could. He was so sure of his position that he offered to give me a small aluminum boat and motor if I was able to catch a gull without

harming it in any way.

With this incentive in the back of my mind, I went back to crabbing with the ever present and opportunistic gulls looking for fishing or crabbing cast offs and there were unintended consequences for a hungry gull. As I watched them dive for cast off crab bait, it occurred to me that I might be able to catch one if I tied the bait to the end of a fishing line and cast it out for the gulls to catch.

The gulls would dive for the bait; however, the tug of the line caused them to release the bait. I contemplated putting a hook on the end of the line, but that would certainly cause discomfort or death for the gull, so this idea was abandoned. Nonetheless, it was fun teasing the squawking gulls and watch them compete among themselves for the bait. This went on until, much to my surprise, a gull diving for the bait got a wing caught up in the fishing line. A true eureka moment for a kid with a boat and motor in play!

To the delight and excitement of my buddies, I was able to reel in the very aggravated sea gull and subdue it without causing it any injuries. Knowing Daddy's skepticism, we paraded off the pier, squawking gull in hand to show my mother who would bear witness to the momentous event. With the



Boys from Holy Cross

*Photo from the Paul Jermyn Collection*

capture attested to, the gull, much to its delight, was returned to the wild unharmed.

When Daddy arrived home that Friday evening, he was greeted by an excited group of kids and regaled with stories of the successful capture as per terms of the agreement and subsequent release of the prize. Being a man of his word, he gladly paid off the bet.

Fishing, crabbing, boating, and swimming were all filled with real and inviting adventures. Adding horses and Tony the Pony to the mix only enlivened our "summer camp" experiences. Just getting a bridle, much less a saddle on Tony, was an adventure in itself given his often-foul disposition. Riding him was not as much fun as avoiding being bitten or kicked getting him ready to ride.

The horses were much easier to handle whether for riding or hitching up to a surrey or a wagon, so not all summer days were filled with water sports. Often we rode the horses, either single or double bareback down North Beach Blvd. to the Bay-Waveland Yacht Club beach where we waded in for a swim, horse and all. Other times, to the chagrin of locals, we rode them all the way from North Beach to town, or "Old Town" as it's called nowadays.

One of the oldest houses in Bay St. Louis was Elmwood. It had hedges around what was at one time a tennis court forming an oval that was very suited for a horse race track, and we put this to good use. The thrill of galloping around the track either bareback or on a saddle was incredibly exciting. Whether in pursuit of imaginary enemy or fleeing a gang of outlaws, it was a time of heroes and heroines. Those foes were often vanquished by hanging off the side of the horse or other equestrian acrobatics to avoid our imaginary enemies' bullets and firing our own weapons with deadly accuracy.

Exciting summer days led to weeks of fun, and we knew it was coming to an end when haircuts were

in order, and trying on school clothes took up some of our play time. It wasn't long before the 12 o'clock whistle blew or the farm bell rang on Labor Day, and we knew it was time to pack up and put on shoes as the halcyon days of another summer had come to an end.

### Waveland's Two Railroad Stops

A frequently asked question is why did Waveland have two railroad stops, one on Waveland Avenue and the other on Nicholson Avenue.

The New Orleans, Mobile, and Chattanooga Railroad (later L&N, now CSX) was started in 1869

and completed in twenty months from Mobile to New Orleans. There were two stops made in Waveland (or Montgomery Station as it was once known): Waveland Avenue and Nicholson Avenue (Ulmanville). The Waveland Avenue was the main station used for passenger arrivals and departures and general freight. The stop at Nicholson Ave. was used mainly for the Ulman Woolen Mill on the north side of the tracks in an area known as Ulmanville. It was used for freight received and sent by the Ulman Mill. Waveland was once a part of Shieldsboro until March 1888 when it applied for and was granted a charter as a separate municipality.



The Waveland Avenue Depot



The Nicholson Avenue depot



**The Christmas Trees at the Hancock County Library**

Usually the Hancock County Library in Bay St. Louis sponsors a Christmas tree decorating contest for area organizations and businesses. Because of Covid in 2020 the library modified the usual tree contest to ornaments instead. The Historical Society received two prizes this year—the People’s Choice Award and 1st Place for the Most Creative. The Society wishes to thank Board Member Beverly Frater for her outstanding work on this project.



Hancock County Library Christmas Contest display by the Hancock County Historical Society

**NEW MEMBERS**

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Bernadette Cullen  
*Waveland, MS*

Lindsey Henriques  
*Metairie, LA*

Rosalie Kergosien  
*Bay St. Louis, MS*

Tracy Klein  
*Hattiesburg, MS*

Ronald LaFontaine  
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